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# ESSAY

OF A

## CHARACTER

Of the Late Right Honourable

Sir George Treby K<sup>t</sup>

Lord Chief Justice of His Majesty's  
Court of *Common-Pleas*.

**I**ndulge One Labour more, my drooping Muse,  
( Which neither Love nor Duty can refuse )  
For *TREBY's* worthy Praise new String thy Lyre,  
And sing a Theme that will thy Verse inspire.

The grateful Song wou'd Charm the listning Globe,  
Could'st Thou his Name Adorn, as He the Robe.

See how from Specious Falshood he divides  
Wrong'd Truth, and like an Oracle decides !

Whose Large, and Richly-furnisht Mind appears

A Register of long-transacted Years ;

Past Presidents so faithfully deriv'd,

As more than *Nestor's* Age he had surviv'd :

As He the Practice of all Courts had seen,

And from Law's Infancy her Guardian been.

For Law, that do's a boundless Ocean seem,

Is Coasted all, and Fathom'd all by Him.

Yet, tho' with such sagacious Knowledge crown'd,

No less for Justice than for Skill renown'd :

His Judgments he from Truth's clear Fountain draws,

Respecting not the Party, but the Cause :

Makes haughty Pow'r to humble Right give Place ;

Want fears no Wrong, and Wealth expects no Grace.

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Proceedings so unbiass'd, clear, and free,  
 They charm the lost *Astrea* down, to see  
 On *Earth*, such *Primitive* Integrity.  
 But when on Life's Tribunal he is set,  
 Justice and Mercy are together met;  
 With Looks and Language Awful, not Austere,  
 So circumspect in Dooming, so sincere,  
 That ev'n the Sentenc'd think him not Severe.

Could Verse assume *His* Style, of Strength and Ease,  
 Compacted Sense, with all the Charms to please,  
 My Muse, that with the *Accomplisht* Judge began,  
 Might next proceed to Sing th' *Accomplisht* Man.

But who, in fetter'd Numbers, can Comprise  
 The Great, the Good, the Just, the Learn'd and Wise?  
 The steady Temper, condescending Mind,  
 Indulgent to Distress, to Merit kind;  
 Knowledge sublime, sharp Judgment, Piety,  
 From Pride, from Censure, and Moroseness free.  
 Cautious in Promise, in Performance Sure;  
 Swift of Dispatch, yet in Dispatch Secure.  
 Solemn as Night, and chearful as the Day.  
 O Golden Mean! O Worth, without Allay!  
 Renown'd amongst the noble generous *Few*  
 Who Vertue's most exalted Rules pursue,  
 As if for Nature's last Reserve design'd,  
 To prop the Sinking Credit of Mankind.

When high in Publick Seated, to dispense  
 Impartial Right, we wish him never Thence;  
 Yet when withdrawn, his private Friends to bless,  
 With Transport fir'd we wou'd for ever press,  
 Ingross the Bliss, and his whole Time possess.  
 Thus Patriarchs heretofore, at vacant Hours,  
 Treated their Visitants in *Sylvan* Bow'rs;  
 Thus *Socrates* th' Esteem of *Athens* gain'd,  
 Thus *Plato's* happy Guests were entertain'd;  
 Such Conversation may ev'n Gods invite,  
 Where Learning, Reason, Wit, their Force Unite,  
 Experience, Truth, Instruction, and Delight.

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